

How Grip of British Forces Amounts to Fatal Strangle Hold

British Widening Breaches in Chain of Mediaeval Fortresses from Gommecourt to Fricourt—Phillip Gibbs Paints Glowing Picture of Battle Conditions.

(By Phillip Gibbs.)
With the British Armies in the Field, July 10. — Slowly but quite steadily we are drawing our lines closer about the enemy's strong places along the whole extent of our attacking front, in order that one by one he must abandon them. Last night our troops captured new trenches about Ovillers and La Boisselle, so that the pressure upon that place is tighter, and during the past eighteen hours we have established ourselves in the Bois de Trones, and its neighborhood to the east of Montauban.

The meaning of our attacking methods and of the hard fighting at the different points may not be clear to people who do not realize the position which our men have to storm. It often has been said that the enemy's lines, which stretch from the sea to the Vosges, are one great fortress, and this is true, but it is more essentially and even technically true of the line through which we broke on July 1. The great German salient which curves round from Gommecourt to Fricourt like a chain of mediaeval fortresses connected by earthworks and ditches. The fortresses or strong places as we now call them, are ruined towers stronger in defense than any tower because they are filled with machine guns, trench mortars, another deadly engine of destruction—Gommecourt, Beaumont, Hammet, Thiepval, Ovillers, La Boisselle and Fricourt.

DESPERATE ATTACKS.
In spite of the perb courage of those British battalions which flung themselves against these strongholds on the left side of the German salient they did not fall, breaches were made in their defenses, which are now being widened and deepened. On the southern side where the attack succeeded La Boisselle, Fricourt and further eastward Metz and Montauban are ours, and attack is pushing further in to reach the strong places on the left within the fortress walls as here, while they are being weakened assaults from without.

A STRANGE GRIP.
We are gradually tightening a strangle grip on them, and if we have luck and keep striking deeper to the salient, as we have done during the past twenty-four hours, Contalmaison and Ovillers, it would seem as if the strong places on this front either be penetrated by the enemy or surrounded and taken with their imprisoned troops by us.
I saw a scene of struggle for the enemy's straight-to-day almost as if they were looking into the mirror of the Lady of Lot. It seemed, strangely, out, as though in image, and yet truly real and vivid, because I caught it suddenly and by accident, angled for me by a gap in a hedge by two trees on each side of the like the frame of a picture. I hied up to the lines and it was on my way back that I came upon the scene in the hedge. Through it I saw, unexpectedly, a scene of war, as the fields in front of me all wild, with that

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

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Buffalo, N.Y. — "My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled because of the utter calm and beauty of the sky and golden light over all the scene it seemed to me, standing on the edge of it, less deadly, like a dream of war."
BRITISH SHELL FIRE.
It was no dream. Three of our shells followed each other in a group and burst with one explosion against the left-hand tower of Contalmaison chateau, smashed off the turret as though it were a card castle. Our shells were flinging up fountains of black earth and smoke in the German lines beyond at Pozieres. All around the battlefield there were black clouds of shell fire breaking and rising and spreading over the Ballif Wood at Ovillers and between the broken tree trunks of La Boisselle, men were being killed as usual, but our shells were doing the most damage.
An extraordinary thing happened as I looked across to Chateau Contalmaison. The earthquake seemed suddenly to open in the enemy's lines and let forth the smoke of its inner fires. It gushed out in great round, dense masses and rose to great heights, spreading like the foliage of some gigantic tree. It was not a mine explosion, for a mine flings up a black mass, with jagged edges like a piece of black cardboard cut into teeth; but this was a regular uprising of curly black clouds of great volume, getting denser and coming continuously. I watched it for twenty minutes or more, and could not make out its meaning, but guessed we had blown up an ammunition store. Two great explosions, which came quite a few seconds after the first vomit of smoke, suggested this, so I went away from the picture through the gap in the trees down into the valley.
Where I passed the enemy's shells were coming rather near. A heavy one burst on a knoll close by, and the officers and men were watching with that curious smile men have at times when they know their lives depend upon a freak of chance. It is an ironical smile, and rather grim.

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weed which is ruining so many harvest fields of France. Mametz Wood I knew at once by the queer shape of it, with a great bite out of its western side. In spite of all our shell fire it is still thick with foliage, upon which the sunlight lay, casting a great black shadow underneath. Just below it was the peak of the wood, a row of broken trees by a sunken road and a triangle trench for which our men fought desperately, so that it changed hand three times before they won it finally on Friday afternoon. To the left of Mametz Wood and on a line with it was Contalmaison, and on the left of that Ballif Wood, which we captured and lost again the day before yesterday, and then, further to the left, Ovillers and La Boisselle, and completing the crescent, La Boisselle itself.

A Pre-Raphaelite Picture.
Between the gap in the hedge I saw again one of the world's great battlefields, and every detail of it was so clearly, sharply defined in the sunlight that it was like a pre-Raphaelite picture painted in vivid colors. I could count the shell holes in the holes in the roofs of Contalmaison village, and the chateau there standing to the right of the little wood was brought so closely forward by the stereoscopic effect that I could look into the blackness of its broken windows.
Down below me were our trenches, and I saw our men in them. Some of them were outside the trenches, strolling about in the open in little groups or walking about on a lone track, as though taking a quiet half hour of this Sunday afternoon, and yet they were in the centre of a battlefield, and over their heads came an incessant flight of shells—our shells—which I could see falling in the German lines and in the fields about them. German shells were bursting with dull crashes and with clouds of black and greenish smoke. All the power of destruction was at work, but

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Your Boys and Girls

Below are a few menus that are especially good for a growing child. They are well balanced and nourishing as well:
Breakfast: A plate of well cooked cereal with sugar and cream. Then a soft boiled egg, a couple of slices of bacon, or a bit of creamed codfish, with plenty of whole wheat bread and butter, a little butter, a little jam or marmalade, milk, or cocoa made with only enough of the cocoa to color, and lastly fruit, which is best in the form of apples, oranges or grapes, according to the time of year. The starchy food or cereal should be served first and the fruit last.
Dinner: Soup made with meat stock if the stock is allowed to stand and the grease skimmed off when it is cold, otherwise, cream soups are better; meat, preferably chicken, chop, or fresh fish cooked without grease, baked potato, a fresh vegetable, with a simple sweet dessert. Sweets should always be given at the end of the meal.
Supper: Whole wheat bread and butter, stewed fruit or some simple preserve, milk or cocoa. For variety light puddings, such as custards or gelatine puddings, sponge cake or oatmeal cookies.

Fashions and Fads.
Black net robes for evening are bordered with colored silk.
Broad bands of fur will be seen on the tunics of fall dresses.
Gold brocaded silk makes the prettiest of evening slippers.
Castor and gray are the best colors after black—for shoes.
Broad-brimmed high-crowned hats are in vogue of two colors.
Mexican colored wool embroidery is much seen on models of serge.
Dark veils bordered with white are much liked by Frenchwomen.
The vogue for gray shoes has increased the demand for gray gloves. Cyclamen-colored satin veiled with royal blue net is a new combination.
Coates of white serge are made to be worn with navy taffeta dresses.
The modified circular skirt with belt is in high favour for tailored suits.
A new sailor hat is the Puritan, with high crown and drooping brim. Chinese designs in color on net foundations are a feature of the new laces.
Modifications of the kimono sleeve are seen in some of the new coats.
Gray lace and gray crepe de chine combine to make a very distinguished Louise.
Full net skirts are charming over pleated satin foundations for dancing frocks.
New children's coats, it is said, are to be made of two favourite plaid fabrics.
Navy, tan and blue crepe de chine will be used for some of the most serviceable waists.
Malina and chantilly laces will be most favored in the great lace season that is coming.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.
The remarkable economy of the incandescent gas lamp is by no means either its chief—or even an important—claim for popularity. It meets better than any other source of artificial light the requirements of ideal light.
In the color of the light produced it is far superior to any other illuminant in general and universal use. The investigations of acknowledged authorities indicate that the approximation of artificial daylight the gas mantle has at least one and one-half times the value of the carbon-filament electric lamp.
This quality is highly desirable, indeed absolutely essential where the approximation of daylight color values is important. For lighting shops, displaying haberdashery, suitings, gowns, millinery, etc., the incandescent gas lamp is not even remotely approached by any other incandescent lamp.
Of all the manifold advantages of gas light, perhaps the most important is its favourable effect upon the eyes. The development of the incandescent electric lamp with its intense brilliant and glaring filament has been accompanied by hitherto unheard of prevalence of eye troubles and diseases which are forcing themselves upon the attention of the medical fraternity. This is resulting in a greater appreciation of the soft mellow quality of gas light and is rapidly enlarging its field of use.—July 13, 1906.

SUMMER DIET.
It's seldom that I give advice, to readers, as to diet; the doctors do it, and their price has started many a riot. "Excelsior and bass-wood meal," the gifted doctor holers, "you ought to eat, if good you'd feel—now cough up seven dollars." The summer's hard on brain and nerve, and makes us total-lossy; some simple rules we should observe, if we'd be feeling fussy. We ought to fill ourselves with greens, to roastin' ears be treated; for eatin' pork and beefsteak means that we'll be overheard, you wouldn't wear your winter duds when solar rays are busy, yet eatin' meat and starchy spuds is surely just as dizzy. I journey forth with stately tread, where garden peas is growing, and eat a luscious cabbage head, when hunger's pangs I'm knowin'. No well done portershow for me! That diet is unholly; I pluck a turnip from the tree, and Fletcherize it slowly. No sweetened drinks, but Adam's ale, around my stomach washes, and when I hunger I regale my works with prunes and squashes. By eatin' things like these my health is buttressed strong and pillared, and I will bet a slice of wealth that I can whip Jesse Willard.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Hon. Treasurer, Church of England Orphanage begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of cheque for \$400.00 amount being bequest late John Henderson, Esq. per Messrs. Conroy & Higgins, Executors.

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